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GOETHE'S NOVELS AND DRAMAS.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY CHARLES L. WEED, '80, OF PA.

A problem abandoned as insoluble often finds an accidental solution in that of one wholly different. Thus the meaning of Goethe has been discovered in the endeavor to answer the question of his morality. His works are certainly not moral; whether, or not, they are therefore immoral must be determined. That which first strikes us in their perusal, is the total indifference with which the author views the evil that he describes. This is especially true in "Wilhelm Meister." Scene after scene passes by without comment. The Apprentice and the Fair Saint are treated alike, and morally seem to be held in equal esteem by the author. Is he to be condemned for this failure to censure even by implication?

It is true, that when we view events without pronouncing moral judgment, when the good passes by unpraised, and the evil uncondemned, we have paused in moral progress. But only that which is individual is possessed of moral quality. We can-

not affirm of the evolution of society as a whole, that it is either right or wrong; and if the law of that evolution is Providence, any attempt to pronounce moral judgment upon it must be blasphemy, and not to be expected in an author. Whether, then, Goethe is to be condemned, or not, for his neglect, will depend upon what comes within the province of his work. It should be remembered that his dramas—with the possible exceptions of "Tasso" and "Iphigenie"—and his novels, are of the sort called "philosophical." The term is often loosely used to denote that form of the novel and drama of life and manners, in which are set forth motives to action, and other psychical phenomena, rather than the externals of society; but in no such sense can it be applied to any of Goethe's works. The philosophical novel and drama must be distinguished both from history, and from those of life and manners. The historian has for his material the incidents of national biography. He takes no cognizance of anything that is strictly individual; for in so far as a man sways by his own power alone, and not because he represents a general movement, his influence extends not beyond his circle of admirers, ceases with his death, and has no place in history. The latter ends with the discovery and grouping of social phenomena, and the ascertaining of their sequences and analogies. To proceed further, and seek to draw a moral from the biography of the race, is—to say the least—useless. The historian is therefore absolved from the duty of commendation and censure. But not so with the writer of a novel or drama of life and manners. His materials are the actions of an individual; and they are usually such actions as are possessed of moral quality. And, furthermore, he deals with phenomena which are within human control; and if he neglects the attempt to modify them—either indirectly, by so arranging them that the conscience of the reader cannot but act; or directly, by himself pointing out the evil, and condemning it—he fails in his duty. Thus there is a moral obligation binding him, from which the historian is free. We look to history for the forces which transform society; to the novel and drama of life and manners, for those which make it what it is at

a given moment. Between them are the philosophical novel and drama. Like the first, they deal, not with what is strictly individual, but solely with states of society as a whole; and like the others, they deal not with the development of society, but solely with a certain stage of that development. The transformation of society is not continuous, but by sudden movements. The progress from one age to another seems almost instantaneous. The change is effected, not by bayonets and arguments, nor by any other mechanical device, but by a growing sense of the incongruity between the old conceptions and the more modern parts of knowledge. For a time, both are rules of life. The Germans have given a name to the resultant of these opposing forces; they call it the *Zeitgeist*, or "Time-spirit." While the old and new are yet balanced, and the hour for action has not yet struck, the age becomes introspective, and having turned in upon itself, soliloquizes. That soliloquy is the philosophical novel or drama—the "Time-spirit" finding a voice. Thus in "*Hypatia*," we see a state of stress produced by two opposing forces: the Platonic love of the beautiful, with its spiritualizing tendency; and a degraded form of sensualism, which was soon to overpower the other, and be in turn itself swallowed up by Teutonic barbarism. In "*Romola*," there is a conflict between what Matthew Arnold calls the "Greek Spirit," which produced the Italian Renaissance, and what he calls the "Hebrew Spirit," which resisted it. Tito Melema is an embodiment of the one; Savonarola, of the other. In "*Ninety-Three*," the Revolution becomes self-conscious; and in "*Fathers and Sons*," the Pessimism of to-day. The same is true of the philosophical drama. Thus in the "Storm and Stress" period of German literature, are "*Minna von Barnhelm*" and "*The Robbers*;" and in that of the French Encyclopedia, the "*Marriage of Figaro*"—though in the case of the latter, the philosophical element appears only secondarily. Like the historian, therefore, the author of a philosophical novel or drama cannot be expected to pronounce moral judgment, for he deals with a vast upheaval of society, which transcends the human conscience. It

is true, that the "Time-spirit" is of all ideas the most abstract, and that concretion is required to grasp it. It is true, that in the concrete it consists simply of the thoughts, words and deeds of individual men; and that they have moral quality, and may be modified for good or evil by praise and censure. But though the ruling Idea of an age demands the actions of an individual as the vocabulary of its expression, nevertheless he who would set forth that Idea, and it alone, is not required to pass critical judgment upon the separate terms in that vocabulary. If he should do so, the main idea would be lost. We must therefore conclude that the novels and dramas of Goethe, if they are such as have been described, are *not* immoral; and that however bad must be the company of certain of his characters, he cannot be condemned for his failure to censure them.

But in the excuse advanced for the apparent immorality of Goethe's works, is there not a key to their meaning? Is there no value in the supposition that in each of them he would represent an age as becoming self-conscious? This can be determined only by trial. That his novels and dramas are of the *philosophical* order, has become a platitude in literature; but the attempt to solve them upon that basis has usually failed, because the wrong and loose definition of the term has been employed.

Goethe's life was long; and men lived fast in those days. Youth is never conservative, and he was ever young; and thus he formed a part of three generations; and thus his works may be divided. His first appearance was in the "Storm and Stress" period of German literature. The Thirty Years' War had crushed out all progressive thought, by destroying the German nationality; and the following century had been unrelieved but by the declamatory hexameters of Klopstock. A man's horizon was that seen from his own door. In politics there was a servility to petty rank more contemptible than we can now imagine. Among men of letters, the scholasticism of the Reformation reigned supreme. The canons of literature and art were decidedly Philistine, and society as a whole was powdered and periwigged. All this formed a vast element of conservatism, which,

having no great opinions to maintain, was all the more acrimonious in maintaining little ones. Against all this, Lessing and Herder led the attack, and soon Goethe followed. Like many others, he reasons that because the present age is of clay, a former one must have been golden; and finds in feudalism the perfect type of manhood. If we cancel from men all that society, in its highest and complex form, can effect, none will be found superior to "Goetz von Berlichingen." Overwhelmed at last—not by his own fault, or by that of any other, or by an avenging Fate, or by Chance; but on account of his very nature, which he cannot renounce—he includes in his character every virtue, but such as are needed to make a good citizen. He speaks "the truth in word and deed," as the old Nibelungenlied tells us to; but however noble are his impulses, they are utterly lawless. This state, as near that of the primitive savage as is consistent with an enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries of modern life, may not seem to us very desirable; but the tendency of the age was toward social reform, and the golden mean will never balance an extreme. As the benefits of society involved the annihilation, as individuals, of those who would enjoy them, the association of men was deemed an evil; and its remedy, the individualism of being *outré*. Thus in Goethe's first drama of any importance, we find a conflict between the two opposing tendencies of the age: the one toward sacrificing the individual to society; the other toward sacrificing society to the individual—with the latter tendency becoming triumphant.

But the "Storm and Stress" involved more than an intellectual stir. The deeply religious and emotional spirit of the Reformation had not survived the Thirty Years' War. All that had remained of Luther and Melancthon was a rationalistic pride, confident of its ability to sound the infinite abysses of space and time, and to solve all that are therein; but emotion was about to reassert itself. Reason had long usurped the province of the heart, and was now to be dethroned. The "World-Woe"—the "Weltschmerz" of the Germans—long pent up, found vent at last in the "Nonvelle Heloise" and "Werther." "Werther" is the heart-

history of the times. An Englishman would have buttoned his coat over his sorrow, and gone forth to fight the world, instead of borrowing a pistol and shooting himself. But the world of Goethe's hero was very small, and not worth the conquering. It is the irreconcilableness of the force within with that without which makes the "World-Woe," and the end of Werther tragic. We may despise the melancholy in an individual as the product of his egotism. "Werther," however, is not an individual, but the embodiment of a consuming desire that has no definite object—the *Schusucht* of the Germans, a nameless longing after ideals not realized. And this forbids contempt; for we cannot view an age in the confessional of a romance, as we would an age upon the hustings, or in the lecture-room. "Goetz" and "Werther," then, each finds its *motif* in an idea of the "Storm and Stress;" each quarrels with the old age of formalism. The conflict between the individual and society, ends in the rescue of the individual; and when that between the heart and the head is past, there has been awakened in strong natures emotion; and in the weak, at least the sentimentality which can applaud, if not imitate, noble actions.

But as the poetical spirit of the Renaissance had been followed by a practical one of analytical inquiry, so Germany outlived its Wertherism, and Goethe lived faster than his age. A considerable degree of social and literary—though not political—freedom had been attained, and the return to the nature of the Folk-lore and of Homer and Shakspeare, and the enthronement of the heart, had been accomplished. But there was a growing sentiment, which is expressed in Goethe's own words: "All which merely frees our spirit, without giving us the control over ourselves, is deleterious." The new tendency was toward the gospel of work, which has since been expounded with so much vigor by Freytag, the German Carlyle. The Wertherites now became the conservative party. "Wilhelm Meister" is the conflict between the tendencies. Wilhelm begins where Werther ends. There is from the first an impassable gulf between himself and the Philistines of his father's house. By rebelling against form-

alism he has already regained humanity (*"Menschheit"*); but is yet far removed from manhood (*"Menschlichkeit."*) Self-culture is the *motif* of the novel, and at first Wilhelm supposes it to be attained by concentrating one's energies upon self. But the apprenticeship is not completed until he has learned that he can rise above himself, only by first getting out of himself. Other elements are found in the novel; but as they are the products, not of the period in which it was mainly written, but of that in which it was completed, they need not be noticed here. In the age of Meister, then, the right of the individual to development had been conceded; but in that development there was a conflict between a form of emotional and intellectual selfishness, and a progressive humanitarianism—with the latter becoming dominant.

In this second period of Goethe's development were begun his greatest works, "*Meister*" and the "*Faust*." But before their completion, he suddenly broke loose from his age, renounced the rôle of a representative man, and assumed that of a prophet, preaching the new religion of classicism—and of course preaching in vain. Neither the alternate frenzy and languid grace of the first period, nor the earnest, half-despairing labor of the second, could exhaust the capabilities of man. The dignified repose of one resting from labor, with his power yet in reserve, was still lacking. In "*Tasso*" and "*Iphigenie*" we find, not Goethe's ideal, but only its missing element, pure and simple. The nature of this element, which rules the "*Helena*," will be examined hereafter.

An analysis of the "*Faust*" in a paragraph is an impossibility; but this much may be said: that in it, all of the preceding works are repeated. The first part embraces the "Storm and Stress" period of Faust's development; the hiatus between the parts is filled by "*Meister*;" and the second part completes the development, not by an exchange for Greek classicism, but by an absorption of it. The return to nature occupies the whole of the first part; and it is real *human* nature, with all its strength and joy, its sin and woe. The time occupied by the hiatus is not

spent in Lethe, in an assimilation of the past, and of his conscious guilt, but is that period of development in which he turns from self to society. In the beginning of the second part, the Gothic manhood of Faust becomes perfected, yet his capacity is still unexhausted. The German spirit must be united to that of the Greek. The celebration of Walpurgis Night is transferred from the Harz mountains to the Pharsalian fields. Ideality is summoned from her long abode among the shades; and Helena, though she can never come this side the Carpathians, leaves in the arms of the German hero, to be carried hither, her mantle—the subtle influence of Greece, which must hereafter clothe a Gothic form. The culture of Faust, now perfect, is used for the good of mankind until he rises upward—

“darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
* * * * * like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are”—

Not the “*Mavis stella, * * semper virgo, felix celi porta,*” but something more transcendent. The old Teutonic respect for woman, and the erotic raptures of Mary-worship; the devotion of Margaret, the character of Theresa, and the spirituality of Natalia, together with Platonic love—the ecstasy in contemplating the Idea—All are united to the soul of the Pantheos, “that all-pervading influence, which sleeps in the stone, dreams in the animal, and wakes in man”—forming the “Ever-Womanly,” the holy “Motherhood of God,” leading upward and on. And thus the modern Symposium ends—Goethe’s latest work: “A swan-song, which dies not away into nothingness, but deepens into the eternities.”

HOW A LIFE WAS CHANGED.

A dark, dreary night had succeeded a day of clouds and storm. From far away, over the snow-clad country, a fierce, biting wind came blowing, whirling the dry, crisp snow in hurrying eddies

across the campus, and heaping it in deep drifts against the College buildings. The grand old trees, through whose leafy bowers the sunlight fell in summer upon the soft, fine grass, now tossed their gaunt limbs as the winter wind passed moaning amid their branches. It was a lonely scene. No lights flashed from the dormitories, whose huge outlines loomed up blank and cheerless in the deepening gloom. The snow lay thick against their doorways, and the walks, usually so well swept, were now scarcely discernible beneath the general whiteness.

No sound of friendly talk or laughter broke the silence with merry echoes. The enchanted palace in that *Day Dream* of the English poet, with its silence of a hundred years, could not have been hushed in a deeper stillness than reigned amid the courts and halls of this modern College. For it was Christmas night, and they who formed its busy population were scattered far and wide, in pleasant homes. Even those students who lived so far away as to make a homeward journey almost impossible, had gone with friends to neighboring cities. The College was deserted—yet not wholly deserted, either. For in a room in that long, plain building a man is seated before a glowing fire.

His is a strong, cold, gloomy face—true type of the owner's own cold heart. The flickering flame throws its lights and shadows over his strong features, his massive frame and limbs. He was an unsociable fellow, and his classmates shunned his company. The feeling of dislike was doubtless mutual, for from his Freshman year he had never been known to say a pleasant word or perform a friendly act. A grim, quiet man, seeming to live with a sleeping devil within his soul, whose slumbers could easily be broken!

Well could his fellow students remember how, on a day in the early history of their class, one of their number—a strong man, too—dared on to the act by his companions, had perpetrated some light insult upon their gloomy classmate. Many terms had passed away since then, but any similar attempt at familiarity would not have entered the head of the most reckless member. One straight blow from that heavy right arm had been sufficient. The recipi-

ent, for some reason, did not seem desirous of satisfaction. So the lonely man pursued his solitary life, surrounded by all the gay scenes of College existence, yet taking part in none.

Did he ever feel the isolation of his position? Perhaps he did. It was just as likely that he did not. No one knew. Indeed, little was known of him beyond what could be seen by all—that he was a good scholar, a strong man, temperate in his habits, as far as an observer could judge, and altogether the most unpleasant fellow which the College world of his day could produce.

Always alone! Often a party returning toward College, after some merry, Saturday afternoon ride, would see him, dressed in his training suit, running across country, or along the dusty road. His attendance at the gymnasium, like his performance of required duties, was punctual and regular.

Thus had he lived since his entrance into College. The weeks lengthened into months, and the months filled up the measure of many terms, bearing him on to this very night, when he sat in the firelight, while the wind and cold and desolation reigned without. He had wakened that morning to the sound of merry bells, ringing, as they have rung through so many ages, in honor of the "Peace on Earth." He had passed the weary day over his books, for he was a great reader; but he had braved the fury of the storm during a long morning walk. On his way back to College, as he passed the Episcopal church, he paused a moment to listen to the singing, then stepped in through the gate and entered the building. Churches had few attractions to his rugged nature, and as the singing ceased he took his departure. But certain words of the anthem—something about "good will to men" had found a lodgment in his mind, and had more than once, like dreamy whispers, come to him as he sat alone at his dinner, and as he read the pages of his favorite author. Life did seem very dreary to him that evening. Was it the gloomy day, with its storm and darkness and solitude? Was it the words of that morning's author which brought a feeling of unrest to his soul? Was it the recollection of how a timid classmate,

when he had been so sick two years before, had come to his room, faltered out a few words of sympathy and offered his assistance ? The poor boy's reception had been far from warm, and no thanks had ever been given. But, like many deeds unthanked, it still lives in memory, and more than once the grim student had pondered upon this unusual experience. Perhaps it was the united effects of these and many other circumstances which caused the lonely man to find so little pleasure in his book, that the volume was soon thrown aside. The fire burned lower. As he gazed into its embers and listened to the moaning wind without, a feeling of stupor came upon him and his eyes closed.

It seemed to him that he stood on some point above a crowded city street. Trade, in a hundred forms, was busy at work, and a restless throng surged up and down the pavements. Among the hurrying multitude he beheld a man whose figure seemed well known, but whose face he could not see ; above him moved a strange and ghostly presence, which seemed to overshadow his form, and followed in whatever direction he went. The student saw that as the figure, thus companioned, passed amid the throng, all men shrank back from its approach. The street seemed filled with familiar faces. He could discern classmates, and others whom he had frequently met, and he saw how all turned from the figure as from something baleful and of evil power. Thus avoided, the man, followed by the misty spectre, strode through the city ; and it seemed to the student that he himself was always near them. On, on, they went, the crowd on all sides making way, although now and then a man would pause, as if to confront the shade and turn it from its course. But one glance of that face, which the student had not yet seen, diverted the man from his purpose, and unstopped, the figure went its way. They left the city far behind, and seemed to stand alone upon a dreary mountain top. Rugged cliffs reared up their weird forms into the mysterious light, and deep, yawning chasms were all about them. Far as the eye could reach all was barrenness and desolation. Eddying mists surrounding would break away for one moment, only to envelop again in an ever-deepen-

ing gloom. Here the man paused, and standing erect, gazed upon the dreary scene. But a sudden horror seemed to seize him, and trembling with some terrible fear, he slowly turned as though to seek the way by which he had advanced. It was now that the spectre, coming from behind, stood in front, and blocked off all retreat. The goblin grew to colossal proportions, and with its size, increased also its hideousness. Slowly it advanced upon the man, who, fleeing before its approach, rushed toward a point in the rocks at which a great cliff jutted forth above the wall of an awful precipice. He had almost reached this ledge, when the student, driven by a sudden, powerful impulse, running forward, grasped him as he was about to take the final leap, which would apparently hurl him into nothingness. As he drew him back the man turned, and in the stern, cold features, now distorted with terror, he recognized—*himself*.

The College clock rang out the hour of midnight. From the slowly dying fire came a fitful glare, which lighted up the well-known furniture of his room. It was his own room. He had only been asleep. Yes, he had been asleep. But in that strange realm of dreamland his soul had winged its flight upon a long, long journey. It had seen itself as it was seen by others. It had stood alone, face to face with something like its own nature, and had recoiled from its ugliness.

When the men returned to College they found that during those cold weeks of winter vacation a change had come over their grim classmate. Scarcely noticeable at first, it gradually showed itself in a hundred little acts of kindness or pleasant words. To be sure, his smile was yet very angular. The face would cloud over with a sudden frown from some fancied insult. But there was a warmth within his heart which before it had not known, and which was reflected in his life. He took great interest in all the athletic sports; and all branches of College life seemed to take a new start, with the acquisition of so much strength and energy.

The students wondered at the change but guessed not its cause. One autumn afternoon he and a friend were walking over the

fields. Their conversation had been on past events in class history, and upon different members of the class. Suddenly his friend turned to him and said, "By the way, G——, what brought about this change? Why, you were the most unpopular fellow in College one year ago." A smile passed over his dark countenance, as he answered, "A few little beggars, dressed in nightgowns, singing a song; a snow storm, a pair of wet feet—or too much Christmas dinner, perhaps—who knows? But come Tim, I'm hungry, and its getting late. Let's go back to College."

R. S. S.

A DAY AND NIGHT ON ROAN MOUNTAIN, N. C.

"Waal, stranger, yer gwine on the mountain, is ye?"—a rough mountaineer shouted out to me as we were ascending one of the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge—"Thar's some powerful nice sceneries up thar." By this time he had reached our company, and wishing to make himself agreeable in return for the tobacco he had begged of us, continued: "I toted a woman up thar once, and she was so tuk with the sights that she couldn't say nuthin', so she couldn't." With such encouragements, we put the whip to our wearied horses, hoping to reach the summit of the Roan before night. Our journey had been over a wild and almost uninhabited country. Nothing could be seen to remind us of human beings living there, except an occasional cornfield and log hut, or the smoke from some moonshiner's quarters. But amidst all this rudeness there was a beauty and grandeur which reflected the power and sublimity of an unseen Artist.

All who have traveled over rough mountains know the devious windings of their roads; how peak after peak appears, and all in the valley seems dwarfed. Yet few have had the experience our little company passed through last June. In the valley no rain-clouds darkened the heavens, but when we reached the bald of the mountain, a different tale was told. Above and around us clouds were being driven by the wind. In the plain, the faint traces of the declining sun could be seen, here brightening

up a landscape, and there casting the long shadows of the mountain over dense grottos. In an instant, darkness as black as Erebus obscured this sight, and made us aware of our true condition. What could we do? Shelter—where? Here a tree and there a shrub, but such darkness enveloped us that we dared not move backward or forward. There on the mountain side, in one of the most undesirable places, (as we afterwards found,) we fixed our quarters. One can imagine what pleasure there was in a company of ten, resting under a small tent. Alternately we held the beams supporting our place of rest, for the wind, ascending from the deep gorges, played mad havoc. Sleep often closed the eyes of the tent-supporters, and down came sentinels, canvas and all. Then there was a struggle, gasps for breath, and screams of terror. We never before passed such a night. Earth, air and water seemed all to be contending for the mastery.

At day-break the storm had abated. Gradually the clouds passed over our heads, leaving the sun to occasionally crown the mountain top. Around us the elements were comparatively at rest. In the gorges beneath there was chaotic confusion. A most terrific thunderstorm was uprooting trees and swelling the mountain streams. Below us, massive clouds rolled against each other with a crash; then the lightning, in its intricate tracks, tinged with the most lovely hues the whole scene. Again, like smoke from a battle-field, rising in huge rolls, this mass of clouds dashed against the mountain side, only to rebound with greater tumult. On the other side of the mountain, what a contrast was presented! As far as the eye could reach, there was a perfect calm. The sun shone with mid-day brightness, and the heavens were at rest. How like earth's struggles are such phenomena. The battle rages; all the powers of darkness dash against the man of purpose; his stability leads to the reward of rest and peace.

We left these two strange views for Sunrise Rock. The sun was high, but obscured. At first the whole was a broad expanse of clouds. Clouds! clouds! clouds! But they did not grow monotonous. Here and there a mountain peak, jutting up,

seemed like an island in a boundless ocean. Gradually a stray beam from the sun found its way through. One by one the clouds rolled and tumbled down the mountain side. Then mountain towered above mountain; valleys dotted with well-cultivated farms were slowly revealed—until innumerable peaks and the plains of seven States burst upon our view.

We retraced our steps to the scene of carnage which, a few hours since, had filled us with awe. Instead of a wild contest for the mastery, we found two circular rainbows beautifully intertwined. Peace and War had united, and this was their garland.

The sun set and rose again, leaving us amazed at the bewildering view. With renewed vigor we left the summit, proud of our night's experience, and happy over the beauties we had beheld.

MODERN INDIFFERENCE.

Modern indifference is a favorite catch-word with those who are out of sympathy with the doings and tendencies of the present age. It expresses to them one of the most noticeable characteristics of modern ideas and manner, and perhaps the most marked point of difference between these days and the glorified times before them. In itself the term is not necessarily one of opprobrium; it can hardly be said to convey a reproach; but when uttered with the contumelious emphasis which its originators are capable of giving, it becomes pregnant with implied scorn and discontentment.

It will be necessary to distinguish between two forms of this indifference. One a mere superficiality, a simple freak of society manners, a wretched imitation of the languid Englishman, which our Anglicizing young swells would impose upon us. Such fashions as these are worthless as indicating a real state of thought or feeling, or anything more than the whim of some social star of the second order. The other kind of indifference is, however, a far deeper and more significant affair. This it is that the

strict admirer of the past, if he look below the surface, may stigmatize as modern indifference; and which, as a distinction between modern and more antiquated habits, is indisputably a true one. Our great grandfathers, filled with the fire and enthusiasm of their times, men whose vices as well as their good qualities were of a dashing and brilliant order, hard eaters and drinkers, hard lovers and hard fighters, ever in a state of excitement, alternating between hope and despair, devotion and detestation, stand out in as bold relief on the one side of the tablet, as the representatives of our day, cool, unimpassioned, questioning, careful, skeptical and unromantic, do on the other. We do not live so hard to-day as they did eighty years ago. Momentary exhibitions of energy—enthusiastic, but generally intermittent—have been replaced by more regular if less conspicuous methods. Imagine Jack Shephard placed side by side with a modern cracksman, and you will see this contrast in the clearest possible light. Truly the period of noble highwaymen, chivalric burglars and heroic swindlers has past. Society no longer places at the head of her array those men who can swallow the largest amount of liquor; and ladies are no longer shocked by seeing the agreeable partners of last night's waltz tumbling about the streets alone, or supported by the arms of comrades. The wild romance, the impossible gallantries, the extravagant vagaries of "Cherubina," and "The Children of the Abbey," have yielded to the sober seriousness, the practical worldliness which characterizes the heroes and heroines of the modern society novel. Burke must surely have foreseen this change, when, stirred by the indignities heaped upon the French queen by a Parisian mob, he cried out, "The age of chivalry has gone, and that of sophists, economists and calculators has succeeded."

In that era of license which culminated in the French Revolution, the last restraints which the feudal system had placed upon men were cast aside. Liberty undiluted was given to all. The French, with that rapidity of reaction which is so characteristic of them, were soon ready to leap from the loftiest heights of freedom into the arms of a military dictator. But in England

the course of affairs was slower. There, too, they had cast off all the shackles of traditional regulations, and the minds of men ran wild in the high carnival of thought. Religion and its restraints were tossed carelessly aside. Reckless speculations, unbridled flights of the imagination, utter contempt for rule, and often for common decency, were the order of the day. An age which produced Byron and Shelley can rightly be called an age of emotional supremacy, which is equivalent to the most absolute intellectual license. But man has a deep fund of common sense, that forces him sooner or later to accept the teachings of experience; and experience soon showed the disastrous effects which uncontrolled emotions must have upon thought. But the legal restraints were gone, and all further effort in this direction must come from the individual, and be subject to the approval of each in turn.

Men did not sit down and reason out the solution of this problem; but having experienced the ill effects of unlimited freedom, they were ready, spontaneously, to accept any system of control that did not conflict with the newly acquired liberty. The times were favorable for such a development. The border-lines of positive knowledge were being rapidly pushed outward in all directions. Men began to gain an unwonted insight into natural forces and agencies, to appreciate more fully their position on the earth, and to perceive that they were not simply living and sensitive, but also rational creatures. But then they were absolutely free. Laws they could not consistently advocate, and a demand for a controlling something was imperative. The effort must come from each man—must be made by himself and for himself. Let some one inaugurate a new set of criteria, founded upon the new state of affairs, and his fellow-men will eagerly second him. So, instead of asking, as formerly, in regard to an idea, whether it is lawful, or whether it will subject its originator to the penalty prescribed for such offences, men soon began to ask: Is it useful? Will it be profitable? Does it satisfy the demands of reason? For upon the answers to such questions will public opinion base its decisions.

Thus, with reason supreme, new habits of acting, new modes of thinking, crept gradually in upon society. The reckless enthusiasm, which had once characterized it, gradually disappeared beneath the weight of incessant appeals to reason; and the process has continued until society seems at length ready to adopt as its own the maxim, "*Nil admirari*." Call it, if you like, indifference, and stamp it upon the foreheads of the men of our day. It can never be a badge of dishonor. It is the legitimate product of intellectual advancement—the universal accompaniment of a high state of rational development. Yet if this indifference represents, on the one hand, a high degree of mental attainment, the abatement of open immorality, and the gradual refinement of manners and customs, it involves, on the other, a skepticism that to many is worse than credulity, a train of secret or covert vices, and an unnecessary degree of fastidiousness in the social world.

It is not in the least difficult to comprehend the feelings of those who see the ideas, which were the glories of their fathers, neglected or ridiculed by their descendants; who see a new generation arising whose respect for former institutions is not, as theirs was, a matter of unquestioning faith, but is determined by the fitness of those institutions to stand the tests of science and practical wisdom. And so they are tempted to exclaim, and with good reason, against the intellectual complacency, the self-satisfied pride of modern times. Knowledge must bring it evils as well as its good; and one of these evils is undoubtedly a self-respect, developing in many cases into full-blown conceit. We would, however, be loath to abandon so rational a mode of thinking and acting on account of these trifling ill effects. Therefore, allowing the charge of modern indifference, and admitting that it presents many undesirable features, we are so firmly convinced that it is a necessary outcome of intellectual progress in a state of society whose corner-stone is complete liberty, and are so confident that it is decidedly superior to the emotional enthusiasm of former days, that we unhesitatingly pronounce it, when viewed in all its connections, to be a desirable transformation.

**A PAPER READ BEFORE THE SENIOR SHAKS-
PERE CLUB OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY,
NOVEMBER 15th, 1929.**

Great discoverers in nature's domain are deservedly crowned with undying laurels. Not less fadeless should be the wreath which encircles the brow of him who brings to light new beauties in the sphere of literature—who evolves from the surrounding rubbish the unseen pearls of poetic thought. All honor, then, to our own Verrikeen, through whose instrumentality the gem which to-night engages our attention was brought to the notice of lovers of Shakspeare. As we all know, these lines were for many decades classed with nursery rhymes. Their beauty lay all undiscovered until that happy time when it was suspected, and then proved beyond dispute, by Professor Verrikeen, that they were written by the world's greatest poet.

The proofs of this statement—the intrinsic beauty of the production, the dramatic genius displayed in it, and the likeness, in style, &c., to others of Shakspeare's writings—are too familiar to need repetition. The special questions which we shall attempt to discuss very briefly are the true meaning of this poem—for poem, or rather fragment of poem, it undoubtedly is—and the time of its composition. But before entering upon this discussion, let us once more read the lines—

“The man in the moon came down too soon,
To ask his way to Norwich;
He went to the south, and burnt his mouth
Eating cold plum porridge.”

I. The meaning of the poem. The very abruptness in introduction and conclusion would lead us to suppose that this is only a fragment; but more than this—we are forced to the same conclusion by the fact that the lines have been found in a very old Shakspeare, with one verse preceding and several following, all rendered illegible by age. Hence it would seem rather

difficult to arrive at any definite result with regard to the meaning of these words. Yet several theories have been advanced on this subject, and one of them, as we shall try to show, is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the correct one. The first theory was very indefinite and unsatisfactory, and was soon abandoned. It accounted for the lines by supposing that they were hastily scratched off in some playful mood of the author, and were a joking allusion to the ridiculous notions current with regard to the moon—such as the green cheese idea, &c.

The next theory was advanced by Professor Farfeché, of the French Academy. "The man in the moon," according to him, stands for the inhabitants of Flanders, inasmuch as so much *green cheese* was made there. "Came down too soon," &c., refers to the large immigration of the Flemings into *Norwich*, England, during the reign of Elizabeth; and the word "too" indicates that their departure from Flanders was somewhat premature. This is pretty good as far as it goes, but it does not account at all for the last line and a half. Moreover, it is far too vague; for, as is well known, Shakspeare never used a word because he didn't happen to think of a better one, nor ever because it was needed for the sake of the metre. Every word, even to the "Oh's," and "Ah's," and "nows," has some hidden meaning, and any theory which ignores this fact must, of course, be promptly rejected.

Several other explanations have been suggested, but none of them filled the requirements, till Haersplitter, the great German critic, came forward with the following: "This passage evidently refers to the great Spanish Armada. The 'man in the moon' is Philip of Spain, either because he was so tyrannical and absolute in his kingdom as to be practically the *only man in his land*, and hence could appropriately be called the man in the moon; or else because the Armada, as it sailed up against England, advanced in the form of a *crescent*. 'Came down too soon'—too soon, because his attempt was unsuccessful. 'To ask his way to Norwich'—Philip's purpose in the Armada was to punish the English for their persecution of the Catholics, and as this perse-

cution had been begun, and had been most bitterly carried on at *Norwich*, he would naturally have desired to attack that place first of all. 'He went to the south'—this is undoubtedly meant to read 'came from the south'—the words are blurred in the original MS.—making the allusion evident enough. 'And burnt his mouth eating cold plum porridge'—plum porridge is a distinctively British dish, and hence would appropriately stand for the English as a nation; 'burnt his mouth' means, of course, *was worsted*. The idea, then, is that Philip of Spain came too soon from the south, in his haste to punish Norwich and the other English towns, and was utterly routed by the British. But why *cold* plum porridge? The reference is doubtless to the fact that the Spaniards were defeated *at sea*, and found a *cold*, watery grave. The idea of his burning his mouth with a cold substance seems to be introduced with a view to dramatic effect—to lend a brighter coloring to the otherwise mournful scene."

This explanation of Prof. Haersplitter's has driven all other theories from the field, and has already been accepted by the most competent critics. Besides this unquestionable historic reference, however, there is a secondary, ethical lesson running through the whole. It may briefly be stated—"Mind your own business." If a man leaves his own sphere, and undertakes to interfere in the affairs of others, he is likely to get into the most serious kind of trouble.

II. If we had before us the whole epic of which these lines are probably a part, it would be the work of but a moment to determine the time of its composition; and even with so short a passage within our reach, it is no very difficult matter to ascertain, with a considerable degree of accuracy, to what period of Shakspeare's writings this poem belongs. After careful study, we have concluded that it must certainly belong to the third and greatest period. The proofs of this statement are as follows:

a. The high degree of imagination which we see in these lines, gives evidence that before the time when they were written Shakspeare must have attained great skill in this department.

b. In like manner we may judge from the wonderful dramatic

power here displayed, that the author had reached the highest point of his development, which, as we know, was in the third period.

c. A poet is always very careful with regard to his rhymes when he first begins to write. As he advances, he takes greater liberties, and is willing to sacrifice rhyme for the sake of force or dramatic effect. Now, in these lines we find that Shakspeare makes "Norwich"—pronounced *norrich*—rhyme with "porridge." This shows conclusively that he must have reached the latter part of his career as a dramatist—the third period of his writings—before producing this poem.

We cannot close without repeating some excellent advice which we saw this morning in the *Daily Shakspearean*: "Never believe anything derogatory to Shakspeare; accept everything said in his favor."

A POEM OF MYSTERY.

With every new phase of civilization, be it an advance or a retrogression, there comes a new development in the field of literature. Every people, rising from insignificance to a position of importance among nations, rises by similar progression in literary merit. And the civilization of a race is infallibly indicated by the refinement or brutality of its writers.

The community that thirty years ago began to gather on the Pacific shore, was composed of a mixture from all countries of the globe, and from every plane of society. A conglomerate multitude, united only by common hopes for the future, the tone of public manners and morals was unlike any previously existing. The element of money-getting, the single universal end, regulated both; and the element of money-spending induced a freedom and a regardlessness of consequences that many years of refinement can hardly obliterate. When the first scuffle for wealth was over, and society assumed a more settled character, men, whose influences elsewhere had been intellectual, began, as they everywhere will, to try to raise the standard of enlighten-

ment. It was out of these elements, and partly in consequence of these efforts, that the literature of the far west came into being—a literature well typified by the bold originality and wild luxuriance of the tales of Bret Harte and the poems of Joaquin Miller.

As every people has its peculiar history, so every literature presents an epic creation as its highest production; and the writers of the Sierra do not depart from the rule. "The Ship in the Desert" is a wild raving, a half-expressed yearning for some undefined entity, such as passionate natures often feel; but more obscure, far harder to comprehend, than such strivings usually are. It is an idyl of the sunset strand, a voice speaking from our younger brethren, "We too are mortal, and would gain immortality." Whatever, whoever, he be that records the cry, it is the same hollow-toned wail of burdened humanity, the universal longing for that which is unknown.

The style of the poet is unformed, or falsely formed. The expressions are often crude in the extreme, the tone is sententious, and the details unfinished. It is a poem of nature, not of art; of the soul's nature, not the mind's creation. The characters that live in it are ideal, of the domain of inner fancy; to portray the land in which it lives calls for strong power of imagination. What is the object of the relation? How came these people in the arid wilds? What probability attaches to their presence here? Why so great war of human passions, and seemingly uncaused? All these are mystery. The desert, the men, the woman, the ship, are all ideal, the creations of fancy, nay higher, of imagination. But what do they typify? Throughout the narrative one makes this inquiry, and the end only heightens the earnestness of the inquirer's tone.

Treasure from Indian isles scattered upon the sand, goblets and plate and coin—they are what man gives his life for, gives only for his life. Yet here a lavish hand dispenses them aimlessly, heedlessly, where they can never be regained. There is a mightier power than love of life, or joy in hoarded gold, that prompts this action—a power described before in many forms of

prose and verse, by heart and pen—a power that none escapes, that enters every heart and robs it of its vital strength—a power whose warning note increasing time prolongs, sounded by sages of old, by those whom it has ruined, by those whose victories it has gained, with groans and mirth and weariness of soul—a power that never before was so mysteriously, so clearly set forth, and shown in moving, burning, chilling words of human speech. What this force is, the new-born civilization has learned best, and then forgot the moment it had learned. It is a simple, an all-powerful passion of man's heart, the selfish passion, pride.

Aye! This nascent epic, this word-painting born of one of nature's untutored geniuses, created amid the surrounding majesty of a new-world nature, breathing in all its tone and undertone the spirit of the new creation whence it springs, this work more divine by its simplicity than human by its art, can find no theme unsung concerning the hidden things of life. He that penned its burning melodies and brought forth anew its crude morality, saw among that people a mixture of primitive barbarism and cultured civilization, no new trail, no new development of old, but must set to new measures the infinitely varying monotone which poet and novelist from Homer to Tennyson must paint, condemn and praise. Unconsciously the child of the Sierras, in trying to sing their grandeur, inculcates again the lesson of Socrates and Christ and all their followers, the eternal lesson of self-subjection.

Not Byron nor Wordsworth nor Bryant could have composed this weird poem; glowingly as they depicted nature, each in his several way, they had not the untrammelled flow of meaning language, in which the western bard clothes his few and oft-repeated thoughts. When he has ranged the luxuriance and sterility of his native scenes, when he has told repeatedly of towering crags and golden sunsets and arid wastes and constant fleings and pursuits, when he has tracked the wanderers over the desert round and round the mystic ship, and again and again told how the black men fell; then the tale is told. Without an apparent object, it closes as it began. It springs naturally from the place

and the people among whom its author lived. It is the legitimate offspring of an unformed civilization. It annihilates the restraints of time and space; it joins incongruities; it introduces heroic men with little aims. It typifies passion, while it falsifies humanity. It caricatures the failings of the race, and villifies its virtues. Its tone is false throughout, its principle is true. To the thoughtful reader alone, who looks beneath the surface of his page, "The Ship in the Desert" will ever seem the work of a master hand. It is an undeveloped epic, whose theme is human passion, whose cloak is mystery.

VOICES.

PETER BAYNE, in his last work, "Lessons From My Masters," has set before all who would cultivate a good style in writing, an important lesson. He informs us that Carlyle, Tennyson and Ruskin are his masters respectively in letters, poetry and criticism. Like a child he reclined at their feet, and communed with them. The result is, that he imbibed many of their noble qualities, and we can see their influence in these sketches. True, the cutting and intelligent criticism of Ruskin, the beautiful, poetic simplicity of Tennyson, and the terse and at times vague expression of Carlyle are antagonistic; but the finer qualities of each blend, forming a highly wrought style. The Divine Teacher tells us that he who would be a chief should first become a servant. How applicable is this advice to all writers! Not only is Bayne a servant, but so also are many others who have arrived at great distinction in literature. Field, in his "Yesterdays With Authors," though giving, more especially, character sketches, reveals also the influence of his friends. The advice of many prominent essayists is this—read and re-read Addison's, Macauley's or any other master's essays, and then write them

from memory, following as closely as possible their manner of expression.

This patterning after masters is a most important factor in the development of good writers. There is a school of style as well as of philosophy ; and to-day, if we could see careful followers, the *literati* of our country would attain a higher standard. Hilda, in "Marble Faun," manifested the right spirit when she laid all at the feet of the great artists, and was content to copy them time and again. Some originality must, of course, be shown in our efforts as writers, but only by such work can we chisel out of our language sentences of force and elegance.

AT THE risk of being charged with preaching a lay sermon, I would like to call attention to the behavior of many of the students in Chapel. On Sundays we sit like gentlemen, make little or no noise, wait until the service is fairly over, then quietly and slowly walk out. But, behold, how much one day will bring forth ! Go to Chapel Monday morning, and see how different is the deportment. When the prayer, by its stereotyped way of ending, is supposed to be near enough finished for all practical purposes, the boys start up and make good progress toward the door before the amen is heard. This haste is uncalled for and senseless, as is seen by the fact that they slacken this childish run to a slow, deliberate walk even before they reach the open air.

Since the last issue of the *LIT.*, Dr. Hall, of N. Y., led the Chapel service one afternoon. Many thought, from the drift of his prayer, that he was *about* done, and, gathering books and hats, started for the door, although the distinguished visitor was not through by three or four sentences. Such conduct is bad enough toward our own Professors, but toward strangers, it is a violation of the laws of common decency. Besides being silly and useless, this haste gives visitors a mistaken idea of Princeton and her students.

In the first place, the men who start these stampedes deserve

disorder marks, and should receive them in frequent and large doses until cured. Then, the form of ending the service which is practiced at Trinity might be adopted, and thus indirectly correct the evil. At the close of the prayer, the College rises, receives the benediction, and remains standing until the leader of the service goes out; then the Seniors pass out, followed in their turn by Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen.

WAIT-FOR-THE-AMEN !

"OH, for a poet," has been the sigh of many classes in College. It is rather discouraging to hold that the ruder the age the better the poet, or that it is necessary for a people to be in a state of ignorance in order that a true poet may sing. Under such conditions the present Senior Class is to be congratulated upon the absence of any who may successfully woo the poetic muse. Each age has different ideas of these rhythm-writers. Ours is an age believing in signs, and every action foreshadows the destiny of the actor. One commences to write poetry. Immediately the newsmongers put their heads together and unanimously conclude that such a person is in danger of insanity.

Amusing as this verdict may be, many on that account are discouraged in the cultivation of their poetic talent. Such a sentiment as the above is more prevalent in College than in any other sphere of life, and should certainly be discountenanced. We need men to write our songs and class poems; but as long as they are under the brand of being "a little off," we will remain without them. It is not true that writing poetry is a sign of insanity; nor does it "lead to pantheism and subvert moral responsibility." On the contrary, it is a style of writing which requires not only intelligence but an inborn ability for its success. Among all the graduates from this College we have not one who can be termed a great poet. Who knows but that the cause of this is found in the popular cry against this style of writing.

Without any attempt at wit, we append the following recipe

by Mr. Mallock, not wishing it to be followed, but in order to show the tendency of the age to make light of such things :

"To make a poem like Mr. Matthew Arnold—Take one soulful of involuntary unbelief, which has been previously well flavored with self-satisfied despair; add to this one beautiful text of Scripture; mix these well together, then grate in finely a few regretful allusions to the New Testament and the Lake of Tiberias, one constellation of stars, half a dozen allusions to the nineteenth century, one to Goethe, and, if possible, some personal bereavement," etc.

THE committee on the Senior Memorial has reason to be devoutly thankful for the suggestion offered by a contributor in a late *Princetonian*. It strikes us as a truly remarkable idea—remarkable mainly for its ridiculousness. What possible interest can '80's class-album have for future students? Who will care, ten years hence, whether X of '80 was handsome or the contrary, had a Roman nose or one that pointed skyward? There would undoubtedly be a tremendous rush for a view of the album when first presented, but we fear that people would soon grow tired of gazing on so much genius and beauty.

The writer of the article advises the addition of the portraits of the members of the Faculty, and the College views; and is of the opinion that this plan would be a good one for every class to adopt. Unfortunately for this keen scheme, each class does not have a separate Faculty, nor a separate campus; so that we would have the same faces and the same views occupying one-half of every album presented to the College. The variety to be thus obtained would be something astonishing!

The plan does not seem to us altogether complete, and we would suggest a still further addition in the shape of views of the new pump, the beautiful fountain in front of Witherspoon, and the rear of the two Halls; also photographs of the two "Dinnises," the ornamental policeman, and the whole army of College employés.

Seriously, the only arguments in favor of this scheme are its

adoption in some other Colleges, and its cheapness. The former is of no value whatever, and the latter, though very well in its way, is far from sufficient. Let us be economical, if need be, but do let's leave a memorial that will be of some advantage to the College, either for use or for ornament. Let it be a fountain, or books for the Library, or apparatus for the laboratory, but *never an album*.

THE PROFESSOR who remarked, the other day, that some of the students seemed under the influence of pyromania, would find, we think, strong symptoms of kleptomania also, should he visit some of the rooms in College. Wheelbarrows, cobblers' signs and barber poles may be very necessary to satisfy the student's taste for decorative art—*de gustibus non disputandum*—but if so, let him buy them. We see nothing creditable to College honor in such petty pilfering as is usually very common among academy boys, in certain stages of their prepdom.

This stealing may seem very unimportant—it is very “small,” we acknowledge—but it might be made exceedingly disagreeable, were the proper authorities to take it in hand. It is said that there is not a sign-board within five miles of Princeton. We do not believe this. Those who delight in such booty pilfer strictly town property. As we have hinted, a Professor can hardly put his head inside of a student's room without finding himself face to face with a lot of familiar *bric-à-brac*, which he cannot but know has been stolen. It is true such a thing seldom happens, but when it does—and it has—the unlucky superior is put in an embarrassing position. To report the sign-snatcher to the Faculty is very disagreeable to all concerned; to pass the thing by unnoticed is to seemingly wink at thievery. We should keep nothing in our rooms which we could not honorably account for to the most inquisitive policeman or teacher.

We would suggest that the spoil on hand be either consigned to the first Fresh. fire, or that those who have a mania for such relics should steal them from each other. It would be far more exciting, and not at all less honorable.

H.

WHETHER OR NOT the American Whig Society acted for the best interests of the College community, in her course with regard to the abrogation of the treaty, is a question which it is not worth while to discuss. That some good results, in temporarily increased interest and enlarged membership, have followed this action is undeniable; and at any rate the abrogation is an accomplished fact, and there is no use in arguing about it. The evils of electioneering, however, and the advisability of the formation of a new treaty, are legitimate subjects for discussion.

Taking this view of the case, we would like to say a few words in reply to your "voice" on this subject last month. When we began to read the article, we thought the author must be dealing in irony, and was going to end in a severe condemnation of electioneering. But we were never more mistaken. He was undoubtedly in earnest. "Noble work of proselytizing," indeed! What in the world can the gentleman be thinking about? Did he ever engage in the "noble work?" Does he even know what it is? To go up to a man, in nine cases out of ten a perfect stranger, and try to persuade him to enter the Hall to which you belong, knowing in your own heart that your arguments have little or no force, and that he can gain about as much benefit from one society as the other, provided he is willing to work—this is the "noble work of proselytizing!" Treating a man like a brother till your purpose is accomplished, then suddenly dropping him; winning his friendship, not so much with a view to his welfare as out of solicitude for the numerical and financial status of your society—the nobility of this course is almost past comprehension.

What possible parallel can be found between the grand deeds of Paul and Knox, and the electioneering under consideration? Paul on Mars Hill, preaching the unknown God to the Athenians; a collegian bragging about the big graduates of his society—Paul warning men to flee the wrath to come; a collegian running down the rival Hall. The likeness between the two is so manifest as to need no elucidation. In his stupendous efforts at sarcasm, the gentleman fairly outdid himself. Let him be care-

ful lest he get beyond his depth. Supporting the abrogation of the treaty is one thing; upholding electioneering, quite another. For we feel confident that almost every one who has had any experience in this matter will most heartily join with us in hoping that we have seen the last of "Hall electioneering."

WE have learned that a debating club in this highly advanced State once offered Edwin Booth forty dollars, cash in hand, if he would play "Hamlet" in their community. Whether or not the great actor accepted the offer is immaterial, while the lesson to be learned from it is of vast importance. In a late number of *The Princetonian* we were informed that there is a possibility, yea probability, of the defunct lecture association being resurrected. In order that this work may be thoroughly done much energy is required. Not only is it necessary for the managers to be active, but the students in general must manifest an interest by their patronage. If the encouragements are such that the association can offer its lecturers only forty dollars, we may expect a signal failure. We all desire to see the association again well established. Let this desire be manifested in a practical way, and we may have an organization equal to the old one in its palmiest days.

N.

EDITORIALS.

OUR College course has been well supplemented by Prof. Lindsey's series of lectures on Ancient and Modern Architecture. These lectures have been illustrated by a fine set of views. Though attendance has been entirely voluntary, large numbers of the upper classmen have shown their appreciation of the course by their constant attendance and orderly attention; a good proportion of the Faculty and better class of citizens have

also found it pleasant and profitable to avail themselves of our privileges.

From words dropped during one of the lectures we anticipate a widening and deepening of the course as opportunity offers. We shall be glad to see it so broadened as to include some elementary instruction in the technicalities and fundamental principles of art. Mark Twain's "Which—which is the bust, and which is the pedestal?" comes forcibly to mind when we hear a Senior ask his neighbor "which is the frieze and which is the architrave?" Descriptions of metopes, triglyphs or volutes are rather dark to a man who doesn't know one from the other, nor any of them from a caryatid. We hope, however, that we have the germ of a course in art, which will expand until we have, instead of two, a dozen lectures on the marvels of ancient Greece, and which will lead at least a few students to read the works of Ruskin, Taine and Hammerton.

The course initiated by the lectures of last year by Gen. Di Cesnola, on the "Art Remains of Cyprus," will be continued next term by Wm. C. Prime, LL. D., of New York, author of "Pottery and Porcelain." The reputation of Dr. Prime, as a writer, speaker and collector of antiquities, shuts out any doubt as to the character of his lectures. On the whole we may well be proud of our beginning in art instruction.

THERE is great danger, especially in the case of hard-working students, of extreme superficiality as regards a knowledge of standard fiction. The rule, in general a safe one, that it is injurious to study a single author, to the exclusion of others, is very liable to be abused in our College world. In his desire to know a little about every novelist worthy of attention, the student gains no more than a mere smattering in any of them. He reads enough to be able to talk very glibly about "George Eliot's last work," or "Scott's charming stories," or "Thackeray's masterpiece;" but when it comes to any real appreciation of the writer, he is totally in the dark. There is far too much of this intel-

lectual "browsing" in the fields of fiction, even among those who, in other departments, are thorough and careful students. The only remedy for this evil, as far as we can see, is to neglect the above-mentioned rule, and to make this the fixed principle in your reading—never leave an author until you feel that you understand his way of thinking, and can trace his individuality through all his works. You run, of course, some little risk of becoming cramped in your modes of thought and expression, and narrow in your views. Yet this danger is very small, if you are careful in the selection of the author of whom you are to make a study. And, indeed, it is wonderful how soon, by careful attention and application, you can arrive at an intimate acquaintance with your chosen writer. He becomes, in a sense, a personal friend; and you discover that you know, almost before he tells you, just exactly the opinion which he is going to express on a given subject. You find yourself becoming an enthusiast in regard to his writings. And whatever risks may attend it, we are confident that *enthusiasm* is an essential to *appreciation* in the world of fiction.

It is not safe, of course, to continue indefinitely the study of your favorite author. As soon as you feel that you have gained a satisfactory knowledge of *him*—not necessarily of all his works—take up some other novelist, and pursue the same course again. In this way, even in the very limited time which a hard-working student can give to such a subject, you may, by real understanding of a very few writers, attain to more practical literary knowledge, than the man who, with perhaps more leisure, reads a little from all standard works of fiction.

THE familiar old Catalogue has appeared once more, with corrections for 1879-80. We do not notice the alteration of a name, letter or point on the first five pages. Page six shows signs of change and development. Tutors and assistants cannot, like regular Professors, be expected to remain always. We also have reason to feel that Trustees are not proof against impor-

tunity ; for besides our former Professor of Elocution, we have a new Instructor in Oratory.

We notice on this page a few new trimmings on some of the names. One of these bothers us. We know what Ph. D., Ph. G. and E. M., *posterior*, mean ; but E. M., *anterior*, and Sc. D., are not to be found in our most indiscriminate dictionary. E. M. may mean Everlasting Mystery ; but Sc. D., we pass. Our Post-Graduate course is no longer an experiment, but a fixity. Forty names are enrolled in it. The courses best attended are Contemporary Philosophy, History of Philosophy, Anglo-Saxon and Sanscrit.

Owing to the extreme anxiety of some of its members to get into business, the Senior Class is the smallest shown by the Catalogue for some years. The other classes bring the grand total up to 473.

Of the hundred and seven Freshmen, sixty-five room out in town. Many signify their intention of continuing to do so, unless the rent in College be lowered. When a man can get a furnished room, within five minutes of the Chapel, for \$30 per year, he will hardly be willing to pay \$40 for an unfurnished cell in the catacombs of Old North.

We have not time to make the minute investigation which would be requisite in order to find the changes made in our course of study. We hate infinitesimals anyhow. We are confident, however, that there are not enough to materially damage the second-hand book trade. Under College "Regulations," we find that "the whole course of study requires four years ; one year in each of the four classes into which the studies are divided." Most Colleges have this rule. Princeton has made it the first and foremost of her regulations for a hundred years or more, and we should have been very sorry had it been omitted from the Catalogue.

The Biennial Examinations are still as terrible to read about as ever. They mean, at least, more than the rule, "Every undergraduate student is required to avail himself of the privileges of

the Library and Gymnasium upon the conditions and at the hours appointed."

There is a general lowering of expenses, especially of board, which has fallen nearly a dollar per week. The fee for public rooms, being entirely independent of circumstances, will, we suppose remain \$28 per year for the next century; unless, indeed, there is a chance of raising it. The Catalogue still retains the Prep. School attachment. We notice no change in it since '78, except that "a pair of heavy boots" has been added to the requirements for admittance. The College has done more. It has added in the last two years to its requirements for entrance—U. S. History.

THE foot-ball season of '79 is over, and we still hold the championship. About this there cannot be the least possible question. But more than this, our record, as tabulated in the Olla-Pod., gives us a considerable lead on our friends of Yale; and is very far from discreditable. Our Team has not suffered a single defeat; nor has it been forced to a single safety touch-down, except in the games with Harvard and Yale. Our efficient Captain and his stalwart men have done all in their power to retain the well-earned championship, and they have gained the object of their endeavors. We have no criticism nor suggestion to offer to them—nothing but thanks for their unwearied exertions on our behalf, and congratulations on their success.

After reading the last *Courant*, we were very reluctantly forced to give our fullest endorsement to a recent statement of *The Princetonian*, that "Yale cheek is *sui generis*;" and we might add that, in this connection, *adamantini* may be used interchangeably with *sui*. In proof of this assertion, we quote the following words from the *Courant*: "No one will dispute us when, judging from the status of the games, we say that our team has no equal in the country." However, we can afford to let them talk, inasmuch as no amount of talk can in the slightest degree affect the facts of the case, nor give the championship to Yale. And lest we may seem to emulate the example of the *Courant*, we will

not say that our team hasn't its equal; but we do say, most emphatically, that these United States do not contain its superior. Though our men did not, in our judgment, play as skillful a game on Thanksgiving day, as on some other occasions, nevertheless, in that contest, too, as well as every other in which they have engaged, the truth of the above statement was abundantly testified. Our team, as was acknowledged by the New York dailies, displayed more skill than our opponents in passing and handling the ball; it was one of our players that made the longest kick of the day, and in all the accounts we have seen, not excepting those of Yale's own papers, our men are credited with more runs than the wearers of the blue—all this, too, in spite of the advantage in weight which our antagonists possessed. The "three safety touch-downs to two," is more than counter-balanced by the fact that our men were skillful enough to get three tries at the goal, one of which was very nearly successful. In view of all these things, taken in connection with the tabulated record already referred to—to which, by the way, we invite the careful attention of the *Courant*—our team and our College, as a whole, has reason to be proud of the results of this season's work. We are more than satisfied with the past, and look hopefully toward the future.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER 17th and 24th—Art Lectures by Prof. Lindsey.

NOVEMBER 26th—Foot-ball, Princeton, '82, vs. University of Penna., '82. Score, 2 goals and 3 touch-downs to 0.

NOVEMBER 27th—Thanksgiving. Foot-ball, Princeton vs. Yale, at Hoboken.

DECEMBER 1st—Art Lecture by Prof. Lindsley.

DECEMBER 6th—Base Ball Convention at Springfield, Mass.

DECEMBER 8th—Senior examination in Latin.

DECEMBER 9th—Boating Association mass meeting.

DECEMBER 13th-23d—Regular examinations.

THE ORATORS, to represent the various classes, on Washington's Birthday, have been selected as follows: '80—E. W. Hodges, N. J.; '81—C. E. Dunn, N. J.; '82—R. H. Clark, N. J.; '83—E. Royle, Utah.

WHIG HALL—Senior Speaking. 1st Prize—John T. Wilds, Tenn.; 2d Prize—Henry F. Greene, Md.

THE NEW DORMITORY is to be styled Edwards Hall. It is to be four stories high, with accommodations for eighty students. We understand that no room is to rent higher than \$50 per annum.

PROF. SEGADLO, of Newark, will give a series of lessons in dancing during the coming session. The course opens on Thursday evening, January 15th, at the Nassau Hotel.

A CERTAIN SENIOR, assistant proprietor of a S. S., recently expressed the pious wish that a continuous and prolonged shower of pitch-forks on the following Sabbath, would render his presence at said S. S. impossible.

THE FRESHMAN TEAM having lately challenged that of Yale, the latter refused to play except with eleven men. In view of our attitude in this matter, the Freshmen could not consistently play on those terms, and the game fell through. The one with Columbia, appointed for December 6th, was prevented by rain.

THE PENNA. R. R. will issue excursion tickets at reduced rates, and all

those desiring to procure them should hand their names and destinations to W. T. Elsing, 42 Old Seminary. Immediate application is necessary.

SOPHOMORE—"Your Bible lectures are on Romans, this term, are they not?" Senior—"Oh! no, they are on some Bible subject."

A VERY FINE skelet on of a moose has been recently received by Prof. Macloskie, and mounted in the museum.

COMMITTEE ON SENIOR MEMORIAL—Massie, Lee, Warren (Chairman.)

PRELIMINARY J. O. CONTESTS were held on December 11th.

PROF. H. (dictating)—"A king is one who can—" Intelligent Freshman—"How do you spell *can*?"

A MASS MEETING of the College was held on December 9th, to elect officers of the Boating Association and consider the boating interests of the College. The following officers were elected: Gist Blair, President; R. E. Schirmer, Vice President; P. N. Jackson, Treasurer; M. Edgar, Secretary. It was decided to enter the regatta at Philadelphia next June, and to have class races next spring, time and place to be hereafter decided. A tax of \$1 *per capita*, was levied on the College, to defray the expenses of coaching, repairing, &c.

SCENE—Junior Recitation in Physics. Prof. B.—"Define *timbre*." Mr. M.—"It is that part of music which cannot be defined." Prof. B.—"That depends on who tries it." Collapse of Mr. M., without any attempt at definition.

A SAMPLE ALBUM, containing pictures of Senior Class, and grounds, so far as finished, is on exhibition at 4 S. W. The rest of the pictures will be added as fast as finished, and a complete album will soon be ready.

BASE-BALL CONVENTION.—Pursuant to a call issued by Amherst, delegates from Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton and Yale met at the Massasoit House, Springfield, on Saturday, December 6th, for the purpose of forming a College Base-Ball Association. The following delegates were present: Amherst—W. J. Stuart, C. B. Latimer; Brown—H. C. Hardy, J. L. Richmond; Dartmouth—W. H. Thayer, N. D. Cran; Harvard—Howard Townsend, W. H. Coolidge; Princeton—W. S. Horton, L. Warren; Yale—J. F. Shepley, W. F. Hutchison. The convention assembled at twelve o'clock, and Mr. Hutchison was called to the chair. On motion, Messrs. Richmond, Coolidge and Latimer were appointed as a committee to draft a constitution, and the convention adjourned until two o'clock. After the recess—Mr. Horton acting as Secretary *pro tem*.—the report of the Committee on Constitution was read and received. The delegates then proceeded to the discussion of the constitution, article by article. After much debate the following was adopted as the constitution of the association:

Art. I.—The name: American College Base-Ball Association.

Art. II.—Membership: Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, on payment of \$5. The fee to be annual.

- Art. III.—Officers: President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, and a Judiciary Committee, consisting of one delegate from each College. The President of the Association shall be chairman of this committee. The duties of these officers shall be those commonly assigned. All officers shall be elected by ballot.
- Art. IV.—The playing rules shall be the National Rules of 1879, except the rule governing foul-bound.
- Art. V.—Number of games: The series shall consist of two games with each College, the first game on each ground only counting.
- Art. VI.—Each club shall receive its entire home gate receipts, and pay its own expenses.
- Art. VII.—If any club fails to meet its appointment, unless the failure be caused by an unavoidable accident in traveling, or the game be prevented by rain, or postponed by the consent, in writing, of the other club, the game shall be credited to the nine appearing on the field at the time the game was to have been called, and the club failing to appear shall forfeit its membership in the Association.
- Art. VIII.—Eligibility: Any student, who has been in regular attendance for the whole of any College year in some one department of the University, shall be eligible, in that year, for the University Nine. Suspension shall not be held to interfere with regular attendance, but no student shall be eligible during the period of his suspension; and, any student who shall, after this date, sign a contract to play professionally, or receive any money therefor, shall not be eligible.
- Art. IX.—The umpire shall be chosen by the Captains of the clubs interested, but the choice must be made five days before the game.
- Art. X.—A meeting shall be held annually on the first Saturday in December.

A resolution was adopted giving the Judiciary Committee power to finish up and add to this constitution. After the adoption of Art. III., the convention elected the following officers: President, Howard Townsend; Vice-Presidents, W. J. Stuart and L. Warren; Secretary and Treasurer, W. F. Shepley.

The Judiciary Committee are to meet at Springfield, in March, to arrange a schedule of games.

PRINCETON vs. YALE.—The game of Thursday, November 27th, was a fitting *finale* to the foot-ball season of 1879. Neither Princeton nor Yale had as yet been defeated, and this fact added double interest to the final struggle. Long before the time for calling the game, crowds began pouring into the St. George cricket field, at Hoboken, and long lines of carriages and foot-passengers were stretched all the way from the ferry to the grounds. Judging from the colors, a majority of the spectators seemed to be in sympathy with the orange and black; judging from the noise, the blue was best supported, and its partisans were certainly the best disciplined, as their unvarying response to the Yale chief-of-signal-service showed.

Play was called at 2:30 P. M., Yale having won the toss and sent Princeton

to defend the northern goal, with sun and wind both in our faces. Ballard kicked off far into Yale's territory, but Peters, before being tackled, carried the ball back towards the middle of the field. The players immediately warmed to their work, and the game became most exciting. After many scrimmages, the ball was passed to Cutts, who, by a long, high punt, sent it flying toward the south. It was immediately returned, and Cutts, balked by the bright sun, failing to catch it, the ball was held near our goal. Careless playing by Yale soon gave us the leather again, and a safety touch-down took the play to mid-field. Here Yale sustained her reputation for ungentlemanliness on the foot-ball field, by throttling, foul tackling and loud talking, and, at one time, open blows seemed imminent as a result of her conduct. But an evident determination, on our part, to put up with nothing having the least semblance of foul play, cooled her ardor. By repeated charges, Yale again carried the fight to our goal, and forced us to a second safety touch. After the kick-out and return, Ballard placed the ball for Cutts, who sent it out of bounds. It was secured by Bryan, and passed to Farr, whose pretty run was ended by the call of time. Neither side had gained any decided advantage.

Second Half.—After fifteen minutes' rest, goals were exchanged and play resumed, the sun being now hidden by the clouds. Camp dribbled to Harding, whose run was no sooner begun than it was ended by Ballard's tackle; and, almost immediately, the fight was in delightful proximity to Yale's goal. From the scrimmage, Withington passed the ball to McNair, but as it rose from the ground it was caught by the Yale forwards. Scrimmage after scrimmage followed, but soon McNair obtained the ball, and, with a clear field, sent it towards the enemy's goal. Princeton boys broke into cheers, but the referee's decision of "poster" quieted them, and called forth a volley from Director McHenry's well-trained chorus. The ball had passed over the post, but not within; hence, no goal. After the touch-down for safety which followed, and the kick-out, good work by our forwards, and Cutts' fine kicking, carried the ball back, and forced Camp to a second safety touch. From this point, the playing was very careless. Kicking became the rule; the ball being in the air almost the whole time, flying from Camp to Cutts, and Cutts to Camp. As "time" drew near, the roughness of the game increased, and Yale's gentle spirit again cropped out. The men were on the point of blows when Mr. Bacon's call of time ended the fray and the game. Result: a draw, and Princeton still "champion."

Harding, of Yale, and Ballard, of Princeton, were ever in the thickest of the fight, while Camp and Watson, and McNair and Cutts filled their respective positions more than creditably. The fine kicking of Camp and Cutts was particularly noticeable, and deserves the more praise, as the game was pre-eminently a kicking game.

The teams were composed as follows: Princeton—Forwards—Bryan, '80; Brotherlin, '80; Peace, '83; Loney, '81; Ballard, '80, (Capt.); Devereux, '80; McDermont, '81; Bradford, '81. Half-backs—Withington, '80; Lee, '80; McNair, P. G.; Farr, '81. Backs—Miller, '80; Cutts, '80; Duncan, '80.

Yale—Forwards—Storrs, '82; Moorehead, S. S. S.; Lamb, '81; Hull, '83; Harding, '80; Remington, Art School; Knapp, '82; Vernon, '81; Beck, '83. Half-backs—Peters, '80; Camp, '80, (Capt.); Watson, S. S. S.; Badger, '82. Backs—Nickerson, '81; Lyman, '83.

Umpires—Princeton—McLaren. Yale—McHenry. Referee—Capt. Bacon, of the Harvard Team.

THE FOLLOWING SUMMARIES may be of interest for purposes of comparison. The statistics of the Yale games, (with the exception of an extra safety touch, credited to us in the Princeton-Yale match,) are taken *verbatim* from the *Courant*. Comparison is perfectly just, because, as will be seen, almost the same teams were played by each fifteen, the only difference being that Princeton played Stevens, and Yale Rutgers, Stevens and Rutgers having previously played, Rutgers securing 1 touch-down to her opponent's 0:

	Goals.	Touch-downs.	Safeties.		
Yale,	3	3	1	Univ. of Penna.,	nothing.
Yale,	5	3	0	Rutgers,	7 safeties.
Yale,	2	3	2	Columbia,	7 "
Yale,	0	0	3	Harvard,	8 "
Yale,	0	0	2	Princeton,	3 "

Yale—10 goals, 9 touch-downs, 8 safeties.

Opponents—0 goals, 0 touch-downs, 25 safeties.

	Goals.	Touch-downs.	Safeties.		
Princeton,	6	4	0	Univ. of Penna.,	11 safeties.
Princeton,	2	3	0	Columbia,	10 "
Princeton,	7	4	0	Stevens Institute,	19 "
Princeton,	1	0	7	Harvard,	5 "
Princeton,	0	0	3	Yale,	2 "

Princeton—16 goals, 11 touch-downs, 10 safeties.

Opponents—0 goals, 0 touch-downs, 47 safeties.

Yale papers please copy.

PRINCETON, '83, met Columbia, '83, in a foot-ball match, last Saturday, at Hoboken. The game resulted in favor of Princeton, by a score of 2 goals and 1 touch-down to nothing. Haxall and Peace specially distinguished themselves. The report comes too late for any further notice.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

THE FOOT-BALL is taking a long-needed rest. It is no longer a favorite. "Crips," "shenanagagging papers" and "ponies" now rule the capacious under-graduate mind. The past season has been interesting. Columbia and the Univ. of Penna. played what the former calls a "drawn" game, but the latter claims it by a score of "one touch-down to nothing, according to the decision of the referee." Columbia also played "draws" with Rutgers and Stevens, and was beaten by Yale. As far as we know, Columbia didn't beat any one, but she gained a national reputation for disputing the decisions of the referee, and for accusing him of unfairness. This little feat she performed in three games, viz., those with Yale, the Univ. of Penna. and Princeton. That's Columbia's record for this year. Harvard won her victories over Canadian teams. Racine and Michigan University played with eleven men instead of fifteen, and Michigan was victorious. Hobart wants Cornell to give up the "old-fashioned game," and even offers to teach her the Rugby rules. The old game is still played by Washington and Jefferson, Pennsylvania College, Northwestern University, Middlebury, etc. The *Argus* calls upon Wesleyan to "drop her foot-ball team that never plays, and her base-ball team that never beats anything but 'townies,' and give a rousing, whole-souled support to the New England Rowing Association," that Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth and Williams are trying to form.

The Yale team tried to play a few games of foot-ball, and then, to add variety to the thing, we suppose, introduced the "rough-and-tumble free fight" element into the game. This new feature was first displayed in the Harvard-Yale game, at New Haven. The Harvard players, (who had foolishly supposed they were to play with gentlemen, and that the game could be won by skillful, fair playing,) were struck, kicked, cursed, "foully tackled," and abused in every way. They even had to play against sixteen men, for the Yale umpire was there, playing his "little game," and bragging about it afterwards. At least two Harvard men were seriously injured; the rest escaped with some bruises. Neither side won anything, but both gained some valuable knowledge: Harvard learned that although it is highly probable that every College man is a gentleman, yet this probability becomes wonderfully small when the student in question is a Yale man, and on the foot-ball team; while Yale—well, Yale learned several things. Among these we may mention, first, that although all the other Colleges ought to play the "eleven men game," merely because Yale thinks they should, yet, as the game now stands, sixteen men can get over more ground than fifteen in the

same length of time and, in the long run, might win a game; further, that although Yale couldn't play much of a square game of foot-ball, yet her strong point is "bullyragging." She learned a few other things, such as the best way of throttling, the most scientific method of falling upon an opponent with the knees, and similar pleasantries—by all which knowledge she profited in her other games. Harvard was challenged for another game, but declined. The Harvard papers gave their reasons for that action, and one of them suggested that Yale be excluded from the association until she has learned to play decently—a suggestion which, by the way, we heartily endorse. Then the Yale team wandered down to Hoboken, met Columbia, and won a game, in which they were pretty roughly used, for the Columbia men wouldn't stand any nonsense from such a crowd. Yale's next game was at Hoboken, on Thanksgiving day, an account of which may be found in the *OLLA-PODRIDA*, and in *The Princetonian* for December 5th. In that game both sides played roughly—Yale from instinct and habit; we, not because we wanted to, but because we had to do it in self-defence; for in our other contests we had shown that we could play a fair game and win it, too. As it was, our small men had to suffer, the larger ones being "severely let alone." Of the New York papers, some gave the championship—oh, no; not to Yale, dear *Courant*; they gave her a "racket" for brutality, etc.—to Princeton; the rest either didn't say anything about it, or else said it was in doubt. A few days later the Columbia *Spectator* appeared, containing a letter from "W. C. O.," its Princeton correspondent. We quote the last item: "At the conclusion of the game this Thursday, Captain Camp, of Yale, requested Captain Ballard to continue playing for half an hour. The latter gentleman refused to accede to this request, but immediately challenged the Yale team to another game this season." We don't know who "W. C. O." is, nor do we care very much. He may be a student, a Seminole, or a "snob," yet, whoever he is, he should be a little more careful in collecting his news; for when that statement was shown to Captain Ballard, he said positively that no such proposal was then made by either side. On the heels of the *Spectator* comes its bosom friend, the *Courant*, with the Yale account of the game. It might be more truthful, but then it would be less interesting to Yale men, for whom it is, no doubt, written. However, it may have been intended for a "take-off" or burlesque on the game; and it almost reaches that point when describing how, in the second half, Peters and some others bravely rushed the ball the whole length of the field. The truth is, that rush never occurred, and Peters didn't even play in second half of the game; for although not hurt, he stopped playing at the end of the first half, and a new man took his place without the knowledge of the referee, or the Princeton umpire or captain. This might be called another form of the "sixteen-men" game. Such an account ends fittingly by saying that "Princeton refused to play fifteen minutes longer." Captain Ballard, as we have already stated, denies that he heard any such challenge. It is, however, very curious that Yale was so anxious to play off the tie with Harvard, and that Capt. Bacon was so soon challenged for another

game; while we—who have held the championship for three years against all comers, and whom it might be some honor to beat—were kept waiting and expecting a challenge until, in the *N. Y. Tribune* for December 6th, (in a letter from their New Haven correspondent,) we heard the sweet news that the game—and then of course the championship—“was clearly in favor of Yale,” and that a meeting of the team had been held, at which it was decided not to challenge Princeton, but to “rest satisfied with this result.” From Hoboken the Yale team went home, and to-day the hills and valleys of the “hickory nutmeg and basswood ham State” are echoing with the cheers which greeted the arrival of a team that had won a championship by beating Columbia, University of Penna. and—just think of it—Rutgers; for these are all the victories of good old Yale. Then was held that famous meeting, whence the mighty intellects that edit the *Courant* and the *News* drew their inspiration. Of course that settled everything. The meeting system of deciding championships is a grand success; in the words of the *Acta* it “takes the immortal cake.” And it is such an improvement on “the percentage system,” by which Yale tried to chisel Brown out of the B. B. Champ. Though still in its infancy, it looks so strong and hardy that we really think it could bear the strain which might result from Yale’s claiming the boating champ. over Harvard. This system should, and no doubt will, be universally adopted. And we shall soon see every single College in the land holding a meeting, passing long strings of “wherenses” and “resolveds,” and voting itself champion in boating, foot-ball, base-ball, chess, lawn tennis, jack straws and hop scotch. To her glory be it known, that this system was invented and first used by Yale—great Yale, that benefactress of humanity. Yet the old-fashioned way, of first winning a championship and then holding it until we are beaten, is good enough for us.

ABOUT this time of year, it used to be the fashionable thing for every College paper to regale its readers with a couple of editorials and “contributions” extolling the merits of the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association. Then followed a lot of dates, a list of the prizes, the subjects for examination, together with the names of a crowd of judges, regents, &c. The I. C. L. A. was a perfect godsend to a certain class of papers. Indeed, the editors who couldn’t fill at least half a dozen pages on this subject, though not exactly “shell-headed idiots”—a term applied to the Ex-editor of the *Acta* by a Southern paper—were yet looked upon by their “brancier” brethren as a queer, old-fogyish crowd. It’s different now. Most Colleges hate it cordially. Nobody says much about it, except the *Targum*, who lately called upon us to rejoice over President Webb’s announcement that it would “soon be established on a firm financial basis.” Yet, in spite of this encouraging statement, it is evident that the Association is in a pretty bad way. Many Colleges have withdrawn, and Wesleyan threatens soon to follow them. The strongest “pillar” that supports it is, without doubt, the *Targum*. Of course every now and then the *Madisoniensis* and the *University Magazine* “chip in;” but when we want real solid information upon this subject, we always hunt up the

back numbers of the *Targum*. This association, you know, was founded by the principal Eastern Colleges, and never amounted to very much.

Then the Western Universities—for they don't have Colleges out there—not to be behindhand, formed similar associations, and honestly tried to enjoy themselves according to a Constitution and By-laws. For awhile things went pleasantly. Exhibitions were held. Everybody got either a prize or honorable mention or a "certificate;" and this latter, surrounded by a gilt frame, made a lovely ornament for a study-room. "Certificates" were plenty, frames cheap, and every one was happy. Finally, however, some little institution—by some mistake or other—got a big prize, and then the little paper of that little institution—for they all have little papers with big names—became so happy, and displayed its happiness in so many ways that the other papers (whose friends had unaccountably been left out in the cold when the prizes were being handed around) proceeded to sit upon that little paper and show their disapproval of anything bordering upon ecstasy. But the matter don't end here. The little paper always has something more to say, and generally says it, too. And so the thing goes on, and the world's stock of "hard English" receives valuable additions. The association still lives, but is sickly; the money prizes are few and far between; "mentions" are numerous; the rooms of the happy contestants are filled with certificates; gilt frames are a drug in the western market. Yet the *Kalamazoo Index*—which, in this association, takes the place that Rutgers holds in the eastern one—though thinking the whole thing is a failure for numerous unintelligible reasons, which it presents, devotes a long article to it, and at the end throws a bright ray of hope across the dark and dismal path of this association, by proclaiming that "there is no disposition on the part of Kalamazoo to weaken in a matter in which she has acquitted herself so well." Some people seem to think these associations will soon die, but they won't. They will live if only to testify—the one to the triumphs of Rutgers, the other to those of Kalamazoo.

EXCHANGES.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.

—*Macbeth*, Act I., Sc. III.

TO EACH and all of our Exchanges we extend, once more, a cordial and friendly greeting. Of high or low degree, with the experience of age or the crudeness of youth, they all come to us as friends we are ever pleased to see. Each has its merits and perhaps its demerits, for

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

But from each we are enabled to derive some instruction or amusement, and for the good which they do possess and of which their presence enables us to partake, we are ever ready to make our grateful acknowledgments. Should any of our censure seem unjust, or our criticisms too severe, we beg our friends to regard them as uttered "more in sorrow than in anger," and to give us the credit for not being so vain as to believe that our opinions are infallible.

As we do not think that merit should be suffered to languish in obscurity, we take up for favorable notice the *Vassar Miscellany*. It opens with an exhaustive review of Mrs. Burnett's last novel "Haworth's." At some length the writer rehearses the plot of the story, and then proceeds in a methodical manner to present a complete idea of the work. She does not fall into the error, common to most critics, of reviewing her author from an eminence and speaking always *de haut en bas*. She is, moreover, successful in making that appear characteristic which is characteristic; and that exceptional which is exceptional. As to the style, it is so praiseworthy that we think it would be positively malicious specifically to censure occasional defects. This is followed by "House Repairing vs. Domestic Comfort," a short sketch on the discomforts attending the renovating of an old house, when obliged to live amongst the repairs. The whole is naturally and easily told. If not on a par with the preceding, it is at least an agreeable time-killer. We could wish the writer had dwelt longer on her experience, and made us better acquainted with sister "Maggie" and brother "Will." "Should the reader of 'Henry Esmond' read 'The Virginians,'" is a question propounded, discussed and affirmatively answered by the contributor. The writer's enthusiasm is contagious, and must be shared by the reader. The article prepares the way for an intelligent perusal of Thackeray's best efforts. The other departments of the *Miscellany* are in keeping with the foregoing, all bright and entertaining. The exchange editor of the *Miscellany*, in speaking of the *Harvard Register* soon to be issued, says: "We anticipate that a new Harvard paper will be a valuable addition to College journalism, yet we almost regret that it is not to be more literary in character. It seems strange that there is no literary publication from a College so prominent in every other department. Perhaps it would take too much time from—say base-ball, but might there not be found a literary Ernst or Tyng to save fair Harvard's name?" "A hit, a very palpable hit." Miss *Miscellany*, we commend you.

LET criticism do what it may, scribblers will scribble, printers will print, and there will inevitably be found among College exchanges such sheets as the *Targum*. How shall we characterize its productions? Its verse and prose are all of a kind, fitted only to grace the children's columns of some suburban weekly. We believe they have, somewhere in Pennsylvania, an institution for the instruction of feeble-minded children, and we have been making inquiries to ascertain if it had not been transferred to the banks of the Raritan. This, if true, would satisfactorily account for the appearance of our pretentious little contemporary, which so complacently speaks of its "reputation well established as a literary journal, read from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

We have always felt kindly disposed towards our neighbors at New Brunswick, and inclined to treat as libellous and untrue the many stories circulated to their disparagement; but we tell them plainly, if the "*Targum* represents the College," as it claims to do, we must, however unwillingly, give some credence to what we would gladly disbelieve. "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Our Liliputian friends may have greatness thrust upon them; certainly in no other way can they ever hope to "reach the presidency of the republic," or become "Secretaries of the Treasury." It is our aim, whenever possible, to bestow some meed of praise however slight. We cannot, then, let this pass without expressing our decided commendation of its gleanings from exchanges. These are well and judiciously selected, and give to its columns some really excellent, readable matter.

VARIETY SHOWS can no longer offer any attractions to the average University student, if such scenes as the *Berkeleyan* describes are of frequent occurrence within its co-educational walls. We quote: "The massive form of Miss W—— is placed by the window to shield the transgressors of custom's law from public view. Miss P——'s pitching was decidedly unique. She thoroughly nonplussed the striker, Miss H——, who could not tell whether the ball was coming within one or fifty feet of her, so eccentric was the "curve" of Miss P——'s pitching. How shall we describe Miss M——'s catching, or Miss D——'s fielding? The hideous tumult harrowed the souls of the passers-by, who thought that *imps of the infernal world were practising their devilish orgies.*" The italics are ours.

"O Tempora! O Mores!" The refining and ennobling influence of woman is indeed great. Here, then, in California's University, among "young ladies of the Senior Class," are to be found the rivals of "Wilson's Female Ball Players." Really this is too bad. If such things must be, we beseech thee, friend *Berkeleyan*, not to let the report of them go without your College walls.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—To the *Brunonian*, jealous of its titular honor, there is more than would at first be supposed. It respectfully informs the *University Quarterly* "that Mr. Brown no longer keeps a College in these plantations, but there is an institution not far from here known as Brown University." Indeed! This information will no doubt be thankfully received by the *Quarterly*, whose innocent mistake has called forth such a burst of sarcasm. We had always supposed that a University was to be taken in the English sense of "a collection of Colleges," as at Oxford, or in American parlance, an institution where instruction in all the professions is given, in addition to the elements of science and the classics. Can Brown lay any claim to the title under either of these heads? We think not. Why, then, does the *Brunonian* inconsistently wish to dignify her with a term which has become almost synonymous with high-school from its abuse?

WITH all its froth and sediment, the *Acta* yet contains ingredients that are sound and wholesome. For sharp, pungent sayings and bright, sparkling

flashes of wit, it is unsurpassed. At present, Yale presents a target at which it hurls its splenetic remarks and indulges its spirit of ridicule. Having but lately given the crew a whirl, it now polishes off, in a most artistic manner, Yale's would-be Champion Foot-Ball Team. From "Apron Strings: A Drama in One Act," we clip the following:

Captain Y. F. B. T.—

It must be clear to the most sanguine Freshman
That Good Old Yale needs bracing pretty badly,
In manly sports—athletics and aquatics.
Triumphant floats the crimson on the water,
Brown's burly nine base bawl in exultation,
And—O, ye Gods!—'twas only last November
That, on the plains of barbarous Hoboken,
The Blue went down before the Black and Yellow!
Cry out, ye walls, "Where is Yale's pristine glory?"
And Echo answers sadly, "Gone to blazes!"

* * * * * Let me now declare
A crafty scheme, the offspring of my brain,
That shall revive Old Yale and make her champion!
In vain we tackle Princeton in the field,
They club our very lives out every time!
'Tis ours to gain by diplomatic skill
The championship.

* * * * *
We'll gain the championship, if we'll deign to play
Only those Colleges whose teams are raw
And inexperienced in the noble game.
Them can we conquer, so that when the year
Is ended and the record is made up
Of Princetons battles and of those of Yale,
Our victories will far outnumber Princeton's.
So, even though they've beaten us perhaps,
The Yale percentage being more than theirs,
(We having played more Colleges than they)
Will thus give color to our claims. We'll gain
By check and figures what we lack in strength.
So shall Old Yale be sat upon no more,
But shine triumphant forth, as in the days of yore!

